

CHARIVARIA.

ATTEMPTS are being made to refute the statement that the reason why the KAISER delayed his landing at Tangier was that the Salt of the Sea had been disagreeing with the Salt of the Earth.

The ramming of the *Prince George* by the *Friedrich Karl* at Gibraltar is now understood to have been intended by the KAISER as a set-off to the proposed junction between the French and British fleets.

The destroyer *Spiteful* ran down and sank the ketch *Preciosa* on Wednesday. It is not known what the *Preciosa* had done to annoy her.

Over four thousand men, women, and children of the revolted Hereros tribe have been captured and placed in Concentration Camps by the Germans. It will be remembered how much the Germans admired such camps in the Boer War.

"Cantab." writes to us to point out that, while much has been made of the fact that Oxford beat Cambridge last week, few have noticed that Cambridge beat the Press boat.

All, we feel sure, will sympathise with the Prince of WALES in a cruel blow which has just fallen on him. The Hastings Corporation has decided that it cannot afford to invite His Royal Highness to open the new Waterworks in the summer.

It is again rumoured that kilts are to be abolished in the Army. This, we suppose, is part and parcel of the movement recently initiated against petticoat influence.

A library is to be formed for the use of Members of Parliament. It is felt that the debates will be robbed of much of their terror if the non-speakers have entertaining books to read. Indeed, it will be a nice question later on whether complete silence shall not be enjoined, as in most reading-rooms. Out of small beginnings great reforms often spring.

"Women are the mothers of our children," declared a Member in the course of the debate on Women Councillors. "And nowadays seldom that," was the comment of an Irish gentleman.

To judge by the following notice in R. ABEL AND SONS' window at the Oval, the Cricket Seasoning has begun:—"Cricketers should select their Bats early, and be kept in oil by us to be seasoned."



IMPOSSIBLE!

He (relating a thrilling experience). "If I HADN'T SKIPPED TO ONE SIDE, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN RUN OVER! I ASSURE YOU I HAD A VERY NARROW ESCAPE!"

According to an article in the *Daily Telegraph* on former representations of *Hamlet*, JACK MATTHEWS, who introduced his faithful hound to bay at the moon from the battlements of Elsinore, and to throttle the King in the last Act, was proud of the distinction of being the only *Dog Hamlet*. Yet surely the play has seldom been acted without the assistance of a great Dane.

In a discussion which is raging in the columns of the *Express* on the question "Why is Married Life Dull?" a wife, in denying the impeachment, declares that she rushes to the door the moment

her husband rings, kisses his nose, and takes his boots off. This last strikes us as a very necessary precaution. Most self-respecting men would kick against being kissed on the nose.

Another paradox! Six shillings is to be charged for Miss MARIE CORELLI'S *Free Opinions*.

A purse containing £3 12s. 7d. was stolen last week in the Belfast Police Court, when two magistrates, twenty-five policemen, and six solicitors were present, and it is difficult to know whom to suspect.

A PAST MISTRESS OF THE CEREMONIES.

[The author takes the poetic licence of presenting the Liberal Party in the House under the guise of a female figure.]

Nor mine to sing the lady's "stately grace,"
Because she has no stately grace to sing;
Nor yet the "bright soul beaming in her face,"—
Her face, in fact, containing no such thing;
I look about for some redeeming trait
In what was once a quite attractive creature,
And cannot find, of all her old display,
One solitary charm of style or feature.

Time was, her manners had a genial hue;
Of courtly wit she nursed an ample wealth;
And now—observe the best that she can do:
"Go down," she screams, "to Brighton for your health!"
My sense of humour may be something flat,
My tastes be Tory, bigoted and narrow,
But such a feat of persiflage as that
Leaves me a little chilly in the marrow.

Time was, to dull obscurity resigned,
She'd not permit herself to bark or bite
(Accomplishments in which the baser kind—
Dogs, principally—take a coarse delight);
Modest in triumph, toward the destined prize
She'd move with dignity, not dash to pluck it,
Nor mock the rival fair with raucous cries:—
"Yah! you're no earthly use; why can't you chuck it?"

She bore adversity with patient hide,
Looking to mend what errors lay within;
When Fortune turned, she showed the losing side
Such grace as they can well afford who win;—
"Prigs' doctrine," was it? Then I'm prig enough
To hold that little else is worth the heeding
Unless you prove yourself of decent stuff
In these the elementary tests of breeding.

All that is changed! Her charm of long ago,
Her pleasant courtesies, are out of date;
Her wit, the once Horatian, falls below
The licensed badinage of Billingsgate;
For there no fishwife, though her lungs were large
And her vocabulary broad and shady,
Would count it *comme il faut* to bring a charge
Of *fishiness* against another lady.

Well, Heaven be praised! she soon must have her hour
Of useful discipline, and learn, no doubt,
By tough experience how a taste of power
Is apt to find a party's weakness out;
Pride's purge will act upon her better sense;
I hope to see her—cured by that upheaval—
Return in opposition, two years hence,
With manners less deplorably primeval.

O. S.

A NEW PERIL.—Fresh legal snares await us at every turn. "At the Swansea Police Court" (says the *Cambria Daily Leader*) "WM. PUDDICOMBE was summoned for not having a bull over twelve months old under proper control." This might have happened to almost anyone; so few of us have ever possessed a bull over twelve months old, whether under control or not. Readers of *Punch* are warned to provide themselves immediately with this *sine quo non*.

FROM A BERLIN PAPER.—"As usual when the Imperial Family visits the theatre, the corridors and auditorium were sprayed with lilac-blossom scent." Is this for fear that some of "the salt of the earth" might have lost its savour?

THE SELFISHNESS OF MAN.

"The colossal selfishness of man often staggers me; but I am still more staggered by woman's often apparently contented endurance of it."—*Society Paper*.]

MARY laid down her fashion print and looked across at me. "There!" she said, "I hope you're ashamed of yourself."
"I am," I told her. "The fair journalist has discovered the ghastly truth at last. Our selfishness is simply incredible."
MARY seemed disappointed that I acknowledged it so readily.

"Oh, but—" she began.
"We can't help it," I explained. "It has always been so. Why, look at ADAM as a start. There was EVE with a nice apple to eat, and ADAM must come bothering round for a bite. Selfish beast!"

"Well," said MARY, hesitatingly. "I think," she said, "that we'll leave out ADAM. It's Englishmen of the present day that are meant."

"Quite so! Their selfishness is indeed disgusting. Oh, I can give you scores of examples."

"Give me some, then."

"Well, there's the case of BROWN. He has a magnificent place in Herefordshire, and a palace in Park Lane. His wife before he married her was a governess in Brixton. Yet, though he must know that all her family ties are in Brixton, the miserable man forces her to live in Park Lane simply because he prefers it himself—because it suits his own convenience. How the poor patient woman can endure it contentedly I don't know. And, mark you, this is not an isolated case. That sort of thing, if you will believe me, is going on all over the country. It is positively loathsome."

"I don't think—" began MARY.
"Then there's JONES. He slaves morning, noon and night to give his wife a good dress allowance. And why? Merely for his own selfish ends. Because, forsooth, he likes to see a well-dressed woman about the house. The intolerable cad!"

"Oh!" said MARY.
"Yes," I said, "how you women can endure the selfish way in which man insists on paying for everything I cannot understand."

"I don't think the writer was referring to that altogether," MARY said, doubtfully.

"Perhaps not. I think she must have been thinking of people like SMITH. Ah! he was a selfish brute, if ever there was one."

"SMITH?"
"Didn't you ever hear of him? He was a young chap, just married, earning a pretty decent salary. He rode and shot extremely well, and when the war broke out he thought he ought to volunteer. Just imagine! He never thought of his wife at all. Like all men, he only considered his own convenience, and it occurred to him that he might have rather a sporting time in South Africa. So he went. Ugh! The selfish hound! Shall I go on and tell you the results of his disgraceful conduct?"

"Please," said MARY, gently.

"Well, the careless ruffian got the V.C. He led some desperate charge and got wounded a dozen times over. There, again, you see, he thought only of himself, though incidentally his wife shared the honour and glory. But supposing he had got killed! And, anyhow, think of the doubts and fears which she had to endure all those months. How you brave women stand it . . . And SMITH is only one out of so many. Think of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers, sailors, firemen, and policemen who are always ready to risk their lives, and never stop to consider their families. Does the sailor ever say to himself: 'I might get drowned, and then where would my wife be? Hadn't I better become a post-man before it's too late?' No. His diabolical selfishness—"

MARY threw her ladies' paper across the room.



MIXED FEELINGS.

BUDGET STAKES. RESULT—SURPLUS 1; TRADE DEPRESSION 0.

JOE (to ACSTEX). "WELL DONE, MY BOY! CAN'T HELP BEING PLEASED THAT YOU'VE PULLED IT OFF, THOUGH IT WOULD HAVE SUITED YOUR OLD DAD'S BOOK BETTER IF THE OTHER HORSE HAD WON."



THE NEXT BEST THING.

"HAVE YOU EVER DREAMT YOU WERE IN HEAVEN, BOBEY?"

"NO. BUT I ONCE DREAMT I WAS IN A JAM TART!"

LITERARY CLOTHING.

["Dress demands brains; more, I boldly assert, it demands education. A course of literature, taken very seriously, will prove of more value afterwards than most women would believe."—*Society Paper*.]

WHEN first my dearest DELIA faltered "Yes,"
And put a period to my years of pleading,
I thought to temper down her taste in dress
By raising in her soul a taste for reading.

As one who deems his plan holds naught amiss,
I entered lightly on the undertaking;
Result: for her, delirious dreams of bliss,
For me, a rude pecuniary waking.

I bought her books, she read them, and displayed
Forthwith the spirit literature rouses
By a kaleidoscopic masquerade
Of skirts and coats and picture hats and blouses.

Each tome brought some new thrill; her tender heart
Was in its beat a thousand times arrested;
And every single time she dressed the part
The author's most insistent mood suggested.

Green serge reflected SWINBURNE's sea-tossed lines;
Asbestos, *Lucifer's* Corellian sorrow;
JOHN STUART MILL brought Liberty designs
Embroidered with Lent lilies (due to BORROW).

ELIA gave lamb's wool; BACON, porpoise hide;
Beauchamp's Career, some guinea WORTH confection;
The Light that Failed meant black, and this was dyed,
And made anew for *TOLSTOI's Resurrection*.

Thoughts of the day of reckoning left me pale,
But yet I lacked the firmness to disparage,
Till *Double Harness* brought a bridal veil,
And sackcloth came from *William Ashe's Marriage!*

That roused me. Bills for dress and bills for books
Having attained dimensions past defining,
I stated plainly that my cloudy looks
Were unsupported by a golden lining.

'Twas useless. Funds are low; my credit's dead,
Or nearly; now, with imminence appalling
The sword of fate hangs quivering overhead,
And one thing only can prevent its falling.

The world would haply look askance, or smile,
But my financial prospects might grow wider
If DELIA would, by favour of CARLYLE,
Study Professor TEUFELSDRÜCKH's *Die Kleider*.

TRAFFIC IN WHITE RELATIONS.—"London marked plates
required, complete set. Exchange grandfather, or cash."—*Exchange and Mart*.

ON CERTAIN DISMAL JEMMIES.

EVERY now and then—probably lest we might be tempted to take too cheerful a view of things in general—a Superior Person steps forward to announce that some particular institution, which few people were aware was even indisposed, is not only dead, but already in an advanced stage of decay.

The author of such discoveries is apt to be either very young or distinctly elderly—a middle-aged specimen being rare; the subject of his *post-mortem* will vary according to circumstances.

It may be our Art, or our Drama; our Chivalry, or our Commerce; our Romance, our Morals, or merely our Manners. It is all the same to him—provided that he can convince himself (as he generally can) that decomposition has already set in.

Perhaps however the favourite subject for his morbid pathology is British Humour. Its deplorable condition occasions him the deepest concern; he has sought anxiously for the faintest sign of vitality in its emaciated form—but he can find none. It is an unmistakable corpse, and the melancholy duty devolves on him as Chief Mourner to invite all friends of the Remains to attend the obsequies, and hear him pronounce what a journalist with the blessings of a classical training has so happily termed the "*Are et Atque*" by the grave-side.

He usually issues the invitation, with the text of his funeral discourse, through some leading periodical, and achieves a sombre distinction in consequence. And, should the Season only happen to be as dead as the deceased he is lamenting, his article may elicit quite a spirited, if irrelevant, correspondence from writers most of whom prefer, with some reason, to remain pseudonymous.

Not only is the Good Old British Humour for which the Superior Person is so inconsolable dead, but it has left no successor. Our Dismal Jemmy has tried to come across a single living British Humourist who can satisfy him that he has a legitimate claim to the title. He has tried in vain. The rightful heir—if he exists at all—persists in lying *perdu*, disregarding all promises that, if he will only communicate with the advertiser, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.

Of course there are a few misguided persons who, believing or representing themselves to be at least distant connections of the Departed, still go on attempting to amuse the public. But they cannot take in the Superior Person—he knows them for the impostors they are. He includes them all under one crushing category—"Funny Men." Not that he would allow that they are even *funny*. If they *were*, he might forgive the offence—on condition of course that they did not repeat it.

But not only is there no Humour left—but no Fun, no Wit, no Satire, no Epigram—not even a Joke that, with all his tolerance, he can bring himself to recognise as such. No, Dismal Jemmy tells these incompetent and crestfallen jesters that, with all their efforts, they only succeed in depressing him. So he never reads a single line of any of them: he tells them this, rather with sorrow than with anger—he has a deep sense of the pity of it.

Still, he sorrows not so much on their account, or his own. As a Philosopher, he can worry along very well without such a mere luxury as laughter. It is the common folk who have his chief sympathy—the poor people who would all be so gay and lighthearted, if only some genius would arise and give them something to grin at. But no genius ever does—and the world has to go on in grey monotony, yearning with longings unspeakable for a really good giggle, and doomed to yearn on in ever-lessening hope.

Dismal Jemmy does not conceal his impression that the Golden Age of Genuine Fun will not return just yet—

probably not in his lifetime. From his Pisgah height, he cannot make out even the faintest indications of any Promised Land flowing with real Wit and Humour, and he has but faint hope of ever reaching it himself. But he knows it must lie somewhere in the distance, and the knowledge renders all condensed and chemically prepared substitutes for its natural products all the less likely to agree with him.

Yet some of us manufacturers of these poor makeshifts would gladly endeavour to tickle his palate, if he would only show us how, only indicate some famous brand as a standard which we might strive to approach. The difficulty is to find out the particular kind of Humour that Dismal Jemmy really *does* enjoy. We know it cannot be that of either DICKENS or THACKERAY, because he has long ago condemned the one as a farcical Caricaturist, and the other as a Sentimentalist in the guise of a Cynic. No, it would be of no use trying to model ourselves on either of them. Then, how about SMOLLETT—or FIELDING? Isn't it just possible that their humour may strike him as a little wanting in refinement? Or should we—as indeed some of us do—revert to the methods of a still earlier Humourist, the immortal Mr. JOSEPH MILLER? But there again, we cannot be *absolutely* certain that the works of even that master have produced anything approaching a fissure in the sides of Dismal Jemmy.

The truth is that he does not exactly know what sort of Humour he *does* want—all he knows is that he hasn't got it. He is convinced that Humour is decayed, but if he were pressed he couldn't (or at all events he *doesn't*) point to a period at which he could conscientiously pronounce it anything less than over-ripe. The Humour he is really craving for—whether he is aware of the fact or not—is something entirely ideal, essentially different from all that has previously existed—a joke that none has seen on sea or land, a jape of such supernatural brilliance, such irresistible originality, as to extort even from a Dismal Jemmy the reward of a wan smile.

Those of us who have not yet discovered that the late LEWIS CARROLL was merely an over-rated writer of tedious nonsense are tempted to apply our beloved *Alice's* remark to the Gnat in the Looking-Glass railway carriage: "If you're so anxious to have a joke made, why don't you make one yourself?"

But Dismal Jemmy, besides considering such a retort as but a poor attempt at humour, would be struck by its utter unreasonableness as addressed to himself. Why expect him to make jokes? Is he a professional Humourist that he should do this thing? He is far better employed, high up on his watch-tower, scanning the horizon, like *Sister Anne*, for some sign of a rescuer from the *Bluebeard Dulness*, and, like that young lady, perceiving nothing as yet but a cloud of dust or a flock of foolish sheep.

However, though he has no word of comfort for us, we may have some consolation for him. He may not believe it—but, if those overdue Humourists ever *were* to put in an appearance, Dismal Jemmy would not be nearly so delighted as he imagines. Probably he would not allow them to deliver him at all; he would only call them "the Newest Humourists," and tell them to go away.

But if he had to admit them, would he be any the happier? Would they not deprive him of that priceless possession—his grievance against the age he lives in—to say nothing of the soothing sense of his own superiority?

And there is another possibility, so awful that there seems a certain impiety in the very suggestion.

But suppose—of course it is highly improbable, but only suppose—that, whenever the Future Humourist really does arrive, he should make the first genuine joke at the expense of Dismal Jemmy!

Then perhaps even the present lamentable condition of things might come to be regarded as, after all, the true Golden Age—for Dismal Jemmies. F. A.

DEVOLUTION.

[The heroes of serial stories at present running in the *Strand* and *Pall Mall* Magazines are, respectively, a bushranger and a burglar. The Hero of Romance comments upon his fallen estate.]

WHEN COLERIDGE sang *Christabel*,
And BYRON wrote *Childe Harold*,
A finely-wrought romantic spell
My infant limbs appalled;
I fed on pap of parlous hap,
In bulky volumes written,
Gleaning a lot from WALTER SCOTT,
And later on from LYTTON.

I learned the laws of fence and fan,
Of pointed toes and phrases;
I laid my villain, like a man,
His length among the daisies;
With faultless prose and Grecian nose,
Whate'er they bade me touch on,
I always won, and bore an un-
impeachable escutcheon.

And now!—'tis gone, the godlike speech,
The braided robe's in tatters,
The ancient bloom is off the peach,
And nothing really matters;
I shall not wave much more the glaive,
Nor stride on Scottish heather,
I'm getting nigh the end of my
Aristocratic tether.

For oh! the knack of derring-do
Has suffered strange contortions,
When—strolling down the Strand or
through
Pall Mall, in monthly portions—
I've sunk (who erst would lightly worst
A squadron of bushrangers)
To cracking cribs myself for dibs,
And robbing helpless strangers.

And what's the end? Why, plain enough;
Although the prospect harrows,
They'll dress me in a suit of buff,
With regulation arrows;
For since I fight no more for Right
(And as for scruples—choke 'em),
The novelist who's short of grist
Will paint me picking oakum.

I've taken up the villain's cue
And steeped myself in felonies
By letting out my honour to
A Magazine's miscellanies;
But ye who read (ere Fame was dead,
And glory fell to zero)
The deeds sublime that graced my prime,
Bemoan a fallen Hero!

IN Helensburgh, feeling runs high on the subject of the top-dressing of footpaths. House-proprietors are allowed to choose their own material, and the result is a patch-work of colours. The *Helensburgh News*, very sensibly submitting under protest to the finality of the Town Council's decision, sums up the matter in the following memorable words: "JOSEPH's coat and the Helens-



A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

"MY FATHER CAN DO A LOT BETTER 'N YOU CAN."
"IS HE A PAINTER?"
"YES, AND A PLUMBER TOO!"

burgh footpaths have clasped hands, and there is nothing for it now but to receive the mutual embrace with soundness of mind."

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

(Dedicated with respect but without permission to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

THE troot that loup in Tweed sae cool,
The saumon in the Spey,
The very puddocks in the pool—
Nae watter-rates pay they.

The swallow bigs his kirk-spire nest,
Flits oot an' in a' day—
He pays nae teind; forbye he's blest,
Exempt from Schedule A.

Tod-lourie scoors amang the hills,
Kills maukins ilka day;
His rocky den wi' pheasants fill'd—
Nae game-tax does he pay.

The laverock liltin' i' the lift,
The lintie in the glen,
Their melodie is God's ain gift—
Nae copyricht they ken.

It's juist when ye come down to man
The law at aince less lax is—
Whate'er your sex, your kirk, your
clan,
Ye aye maun pay your taxes.

LEGAL SYNONYM FOR ROWING SHORTE.—
Brief bags.

THE "NOT UNIMPOSSIBLE SHE."

(A purely sporting suggestion.)

We've been attracted by the "broader view"—
Or had it thrust upon us—from historic
Dreams of Utopian thinkers to the new
Vermilion motor-car of Lady W——K,
And found one prospect more than others fair,
We mean the communistic propaganda
Calling on churlish Corydons to share
The voting-booth with PHYLLIS and AMANDA.

For, though a feminine electorate
Might shirk so grave an issue as Protection,
And waste their well-known talents for debate
On minor themes like Anti-vivisection;
And though a lady might have lore enough
In cotton goods, yet, when we had enfranchised her,
Devote undue attention to the stuff
And spurn the spirit of the "school of Manchester":—

(Or we can fancy Mr. TOMKINS' vote
Thus veering in a conference of women:
"My dear, he wears a simply monstrous coat,
I don't think we can possibly put him in."
Or (Mr. SMITH'S oration duly made)
Haply some fair constituent would answer,
"You may be sound on Temperance and Trade,
But oh! you're an abominable dancer!")—

Still—if our Government aspires to do
A deed of note before the Dissolution,
And someone could be found to carry through
So cardinal a change of Constitution,
It might not help us much to gain the goal,
Whatever goal it is, for which we're fighting,
But anyhow it would produce a poll
More open, and immensely more exciting!

PIMPERNEL LEAVES.

ON Monday, April 3, at the New Theatre, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, a Romantic Comedy, which owes its great popularity to the finished acting of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY (Miss JULIA NEILSON) and their well-chosen company, reached its hundredth representation. The crowded house rose to the occasion; overwhelming applause kept the curtain rising and falling with the mercurial velocity of a weather-gauge, or shares in the Kaffir market. The happy principals bowed and smiled, and bowed and smiled, again and again, as they gracefully returned thanks, in dumb-show, for the appreciative patronage of their "friends in front."

There were also occasional cries for the author, which would have been more decided had the audience been able to master the correct pronunciation of the unfamiliar name of "ORCZY-BARSTOW." Simple "BARSTOW" could have been confidently shouted: but "ORCZY" was a twister. Of course there were demands for "Speech, speech," with which, if either Mr. FRED TERRY, or Miss JULIA NEILSON, complied, it must have been after the *Pimpernel* had closed its brilliant petals. For this specimen of *Anagallis arvensis* belongs to "a series of flowers that close each at a certain hour," and the closing time for this particular one is regularly eleven at night. Soon, however, as far as London is concerned, it is to be closed for a long time, and will be transplanted to the fresh air of the Provinces, where it will flourish prodigiously and be brought back to town when there is a place vacant for its reception. Pity that it should have to be disturbed, since this *Pimpernel*, or "Shepherd's Weather-glass," as it is popularly termed, has reached the mark of "set fair."

Except as Nell Gwyn, Miss JULIA NEILSON has rarely appeared

to greater advantage than in this play as the *Comtesse de Tournai*, nor in any previous piece has she made better use of the opportunities afforded her. Given the natural light-heartedness that has been clouded by one incident of the lady's life, and a better interpretation of the character than Miss JULIA NEILSON'S it would not be very easy to imagine; while to find a more beautiful representative of the winsome *Comtesse de Tournai* would be impossible. Fortunate the author who can command the services of such a heroine: his play may be as unsatisfactory a piece of work as is *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, but with so splendid a personality as that of JULIA NEILSON, and backed by the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, what might have been, in other hands, a failure, is, in theirs, a great success.

As Sir Percy Blakeney, the *Scarlet Pimpernel* himself, Mr. FRED TERRY is admirable. He has to play at playing a part; to pretend he is merely an inane fop and court jester, while he is the head-centre of a determined band, the wily but honest leader of a set of noble conspirators, pledged to risk their own lives in the service of such French aristocrats as they may be able to aid in escaping from the bloodthirsty *sansculottes* under the Reign of Terror in France. His assumed gaiety, his frolicsome nonsense, his sudden change to intense seriousness of purpose, the conflict between suspicion of his wife and his true love for her, are all finely shown. One word of praise to the author for the admirable finish of the Second Act, a surprise well led up to, which brings down the curtain to enthusiastic and well-deserved applause.

And to the success of the piece Mr. HORACE HODGES as *Chauvelin*, the French envoy, contributes in a marked degree. In form, and occasionally in feature, Mr. HODGES recalls, to some of us with memories, "little ROBSON" as *Desmarests* in *Plot and Passion*. It may be doubted whether a higher compliment could be paid to him.

Mr. RUDGE HARDING gives a very flattering portraiture of the *Prince of Wales*, "afterwards *George the Fourth*." Could THACKERAY'S "royal inventor of a shoe-buckle," that master of PITT and FOX, "to whom nothing was of much consequence save the button of a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge," honour with his ghostly presence this performance, no doubt his shady Royal Highness would be highly gratified by Mr. HARDING'S impersonation.

Where there are so many concerned, for it is a very full cast, and all from greatest to least give essential support to the piece, it is difficult to particularise, but among the ladies must be mentioned the *Suzanne de Tournai* of Miss MARY MACKENZIE, who, having to look pretty and act prettily, does both naturally enough, and having to assume a French accent and to give evidence of her imperfect acquaintance with English by her foreign pronunciation does this so well that she might be indeed a *jeune demoiselle* fresh from a convent school, "simple comme bonjour."

Mr. WALTER EDWIN gives us a dignified rendering of the French *émigrée Comtesse de Tournai*; two very small but important "characters" as part of the picture—*Sally Jellyband* and *Mère Brogard*—are artistically made up and played by Miss KATHLEEN DOYLE and Miss MARION STERLING.

Mr. ERNEST E. IMESON is very good as Mr. *Hempstead*, the old countryman, who is perpetually attempting quotations from Scripture and only once succeeds in finishing his sentence.

Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK is careful and earnest as one of the chief conspirators, and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY is as noble a gentleman as one would wish to see as the representative of the manly Lord Anthony Deuchurst.

All good, and, as we suppose, all off to the Provinces, where good luck go with them. *Pimpernel* leaves, the flower is en route.

Next week we hope to have something to say concerning



WELL MEANT.

Hostess (to Distinguished Foreigner). "I DO HOPE YOU WON'T FIND IT DULL HERE."

Distinguished Foreigner (politely). "AH, NO, I WILL NOT FIND IT DULL. ARE NOT YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND AMUSEMENT ENOUGH?"

two notable events in the theatrical world, the successful *Hamlet* of H. B. IRVING at the Adelphi, and the welcome re-appearance of ELLEN TERRY at the Duke of York's Theatre.

ANOTHER QUEER CALLING.

(For Women.)

["A law has just been passed in Wisconsin providing that every 'wilful' bachelor shall be taxed. . . . The only unmarried males to escape the tax are those who can satisfactorily prove that they have done their best to get married, and failed."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

BIDDY O'BRIDE was a poor old maid,
Hawker of apples and nuts by trade,
Wrinkled, crinkled, far from young,
Short in the temper and long in the tongue.
All steered clear of the sharp old shrew,
And poorer and poorer still she grew,
Till she scarce had victuals from day to day,
Nor a fill of twist for her old black clay.

One night she heard in the "Shamrock Inn"
Of the last thing in taxes from Wisconsin:
Wilful bachelors who declined
To marry a girl must all be fined;
The only way to escape scot-free
Was to show a certificate: "I, A. B.,
Have offered to marry a maid, C. D.,
Who has this day rejected me."
"Bedad," thought BIDDY, "'tis me will win
A beautiful living in Wisconsin!

If a man can show he has bin an' axed
Ould BIDDY O'BRIDE, he can go ontaxed."
So she bade the Emerald Isle adieu
To seek fresh woods and pastures new,
And a month scarce passed ere her name was made
In the offer-of-marriage-refusing trade.

BIDDY O'BRIDE is poor no more;
Crowds of suitors seek her door—
Fair men, dark men, short men, long men,
Fat men, thin men, weak men, strong men,
Men of the highest social rank,
With cosy balances at the bank—
"In short, in the matter of suitors," says BIDDY,
"I beat Penelope, the fair grass widdy."
At times her feelings are sorely wrung:
When wooers are specially nice and young,
Fain would she deal a cruel blow
By whispering "Yes," instead of "No."
But faster and faster the fees flow in
From the bachelor clients of Wisconsin,
And somehow dollars possess the art
Of healing the wounds in a human heart—
So she sits in her office, resigned and more,
Declining proposals from ten to four.

THE Aston Villa directors have decided that, on the occasion of the final, the players' wives shall be taken to the Crystal Palace. There is practical wisdom in this arrangement. Their opponents' halves may be good, but they will be no match for the Villa's better halves.



IN SEARCH OF A "CERTAINTY."

Cautious Gambler. "FOUR TO ONE BE BLOWED! I WANT A CHAUNCE OF GETTIN' A HIT FOR MY MONEY."

Bookmaker. "TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT. YOU OUGHT TO JOIN A BURIAL SOCIETY. SURE TO GET SOMETHIN' OUT O' THAT!"

STATESMAN'S ELEVEN MINDS.

ASTONISHING CASE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.

THE romantic and amazing case of the girl possessing ten separate and distinct personalities reported by Dr. ALBERT WILSON to the Psychical Research Society, and duly set forth in the Proceedings of that body, has naturally attracted the keen attention of medical and psychological experts. It might have been

supposed that such an astonishing series of contradictory psychical experiences were unique and unprecedented. Such, however, is not the case, a trusted political correspondent having communicated to us, under pledge of secrecy, details of a case even more astounding in its kaleidoscopic alternations of personality.

The patient in question—whom for obvious reasons we will call Mr. B.—about two years ago, being then a man of middle age and highly educated, had

an attack of preferential fiscalitis. The malady remained in abeyance for some time, but after some months Mr. B. had a serious relapse, since which time there commenced to appear in rapid succession the eleven personalities, the last one, which occurred just two years after the first, taking the form of absolute indifference to public opinion. He understood nothing, and at times apparently could not even hear what was said to him by his subordinates.

The personalities manifested themselves as follows:—

(1) May, 1903.—Acute interest in Colonial products and a loathing for jam and pickles. Kept on saying at intervals, "Good old JOE."

(2) About a month later.—A simple child, unable to read the newspapers, but with a passion for golf and motor-cars.

(3) July, 1903.—Fiscal health deteriorated. He could now both read and write, and composed two mutually contradictory documents, one for private and the other for public circulation.

(4) August, 1903.—He became increasingly subject to illusions, and took to playing whist, but always with the same partner. To all his other friends he presented the appearance of a deaf mute.

(5) September 18, 1903.—Another momentous new departure. He called black white, and Preference people Free Traders. He spelt backwards, but wrote forwards. He believed he was three days old, refused to recognise his oldest friends, stood on his head and attempted to walk up walls.

(6) October, 1903.—A sweet child, but totally ignorant of facts and figures.

(7) October, 1904.—Insisted on going to Edinburgh, where he delivered an eloquent speech, which was interpreted in diametrically opposite senses by different sets of critics. This is the personality that is now being satisfactorily developed.

(8) December, 1904.—Complete loss of memory. Patient declared that he had been born yesterday, though as a matter of fact he was not born yesterday. He called his driver "JOE," and his putter "JESSE."

(9) March, 1905.—Transition came gradually. Professed complete ignorance of what had taken place the day before. Refused to discuss burning questions on the ground that the burned child dreads the fire.

(10) April 1st, 1905.—Took to playing golf with Scotch fishermen.

(11) April 6.—The stage of blind indifference. Said he had never heard of such a place as Brighton, and asked, "Who is Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD?"



THE MATCH-MAKER MALGRÉ ELLE.

Mlle. La France (*aside*). "IF SHE'S GOING TO GLARE AT US LIKE THAT, IT ALMOST LOOKS AS IF WE MIGHT HAVE TO BE REGULARLY ENGAGED."

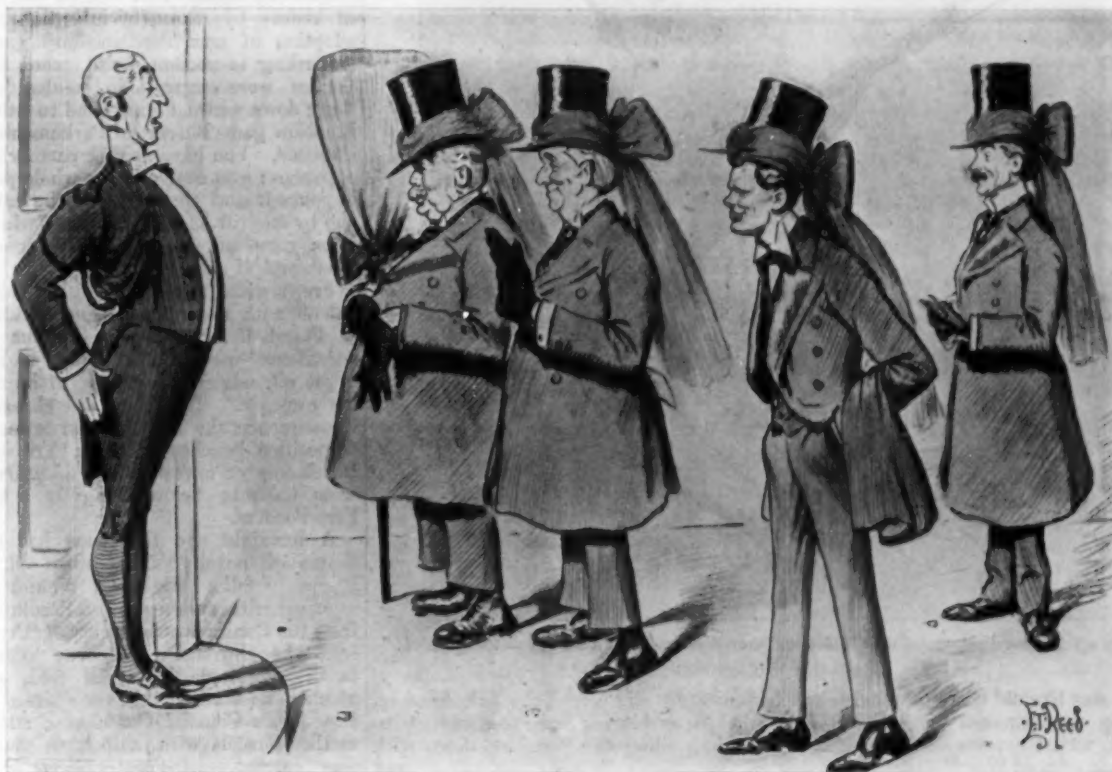


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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"MOURNERS" OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Government Footman. "IT ISN'T NO USE YOUR 'ANGING ABOUT! THE HOBSEQUIES IS N'OFF!"

("Was there ever a death-bed scene so long drawn out, so unilluminated by a single ray either of dignity or repentance or hope, as of the present Government? They had most of them long since ordered their mourning, and were beguiling the weary hours of waiting for the inevitable by composing epitaphs.")—Mr. Asquith at Wolverhampton.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 3. —In Lobby this afternoon came upon Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford, commonly called Boss, looking as slick and young as ever. Miracle due to brave heart and sunny nature. Old soldiers who marched with Boss in Kandahar would scarcely recognise him in the dapper-looking gentleman in glossy hat, snug overcoat, and drab spats, carrying in sword-hand a tightly rolled silk umbrella. Might even have taken the renowned warrior as being "something in the City."

Like all great men, Boss is never above learning his business. When Brodrick was at the War Office he often regretted he had not earlier had the advantage of collaboration with the ex-lieutenant of the Second Surrey Militia. If he had, he modestly thinks he might have more cleverly managed the field force that captured Kabul, or made a better job

of it at Fategarh. To-day Army Estimates on; ARNOLD-FORSTER expected to offer a few remarks on state of Army and the very latest scheme of Army Reform. Boss hurried across on chance of picking up some useful hints, garnering some stray sheaf of knowledge about the art of war.

Pretty to see how his countenance fell when he learned that War Minister had made an end of speaking, and that opportunity was lost. Cheered him with reminder that he might read it all in the papers to-morrow morning. Boss shook his head; of course he would read every word, making notes for guidance in the future. But the printed report could not supply those adjuncts dear to the anxious pupil—the flashing eye, the strident voice clanging command; the unconscious military air; the intimate acquaintance with military matters, from the setting of a squadron in the field to the proper storage and

distribution of what the gallant War Minister still calls "rayshons."

Whilst the veteran soldier thus lamented lost opportunity, others, enjoying it, slighted the boon. WINSTON CHURCHILL is the sort of young fellow who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. Certainly didn't mince words in criticising administration of the War Office. Brodrick, sitting at end of Bench, had a real good half-hour listening to the Member for Oldham. Time was when, being himself at the War Office, these darts would have been aimed at him. Now he might lol at leisure, safe from the cloud of arrows that fell around and upon the body of his successor. Sweet are the uses of this kind of adversity. Only a man who has himself been at the War Office and introduced one or two systems of reform can thoroughly appreciate the situation when someone else, in his old place, is under fire.



"As a Volunteer I am one of the 'half-manufactured articles' the Prime Minister spoke of!"
(Hon. Bobby Spencer.)

It was like old times; the only change being the personal target. Now, as then, whilst experts on both sides rose and denounced War Minister's proposals, there was not one so poor as to do him the reverence of supporting him.

"Happily," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "by prevision of Providence, it comes to pass in this twentieth century that in succession the post of Army Reformer has been held by a middle-aged young civilian, sustained by consciousness that he knows more about the Army than any who have served in it. It was said of old time that JOHNNIE RUSSELL was ready at an hour's notice to take command of the Channel Fleet. That was a jibe; here is a fact. We have two men, such as by chance PRINCE ARTHUR might meet in walking down Parliament Street, taken from civil life and put at the head of the British Army, with its colossal responsibilities and its expenditure of £30,000,000 a year. Straightway, almost before they are familiar with the bearings of the office furniture, they set to work to remodel the Army System, one creating six Army Corps literally out of his head, the other snubbing the Militia, threatening the Volunteers with annihilation. If they would only be quiet for a month or two, trying to learn something of a new and intricate business into which a perplexed PREMIER had inducted them, it might be excusable.

But right off, before the ink dries on the paper bearing their commission, to begin pulling the premises down with



"Redolent of the attar and musk of the Albany."
(Hon. Claude Lowther.)

promise to rebuild them in quite another way, is to mere man a marvel."

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates.

Tuesday night.—This Session will live in history by reason of invention and adoption of new Parliamentary game. According to ancient habit, when two Parties were engaged in combat, one flung down a card, the other tried to trump it. New game is a sort of Parliamentary Patience. You have neither partner nor opponent; you deal out the whole pack to yourself and then lay out the cards one by one till 12 o'clock strikes, whereupon game automatically closes, you go home and, if wise, to bed.

Fresh game to-night. JOSEPH LEESE led off with resolution raising question of Fiscal Reform; PRINCE ARTHUR, in accordance with avowed habit, took a night off, advising his men to imitate his example. This they did cheerily. Consequence, the now familiar scene of Opposition benches crowded; Treasury Bench empty; a waste of green-leathered seats behind; below Gangway a few Free-Feeders.

A fortnight ago the game had the charm of novelty. That worn off, it begins to fall a little flat. Wound up as usual with submission of Resolution from the Chair; a strident cry of "Ay!" from the Opposition benches; silence in the deserted Ministerial fold, and another Resolution, this time aimed at DOX JOSH's Colonial Conference, added to the Journals with notification that it was "carried *nemine contradicente*."

At eleven o'clock episode developed illustrating many-sidedness of House. CROOKS, in Sunday clothes of British working man, shouted for twenty minutes denunciation of Protectionist tendency, illustrating his points with what is kindly called homely wit. When he sat down up gat from other side CLAUDE LOWTHER, radiant in dinner dress, redolent of the attar and musk of the Albany. In dulcet voice he proposed to ask Mr. CROOKS a couple of questions.

Was he a paid agent of a Trade Union whose fundamental basis is Protection? Was he opposed to the free importation of foreign labour?

These rather "nasty ones" followed on tub-thumping speech much applauded by gentlemen below Gangway opposite, who keep friendly eye on the working man's vote. Rarely has retort courteous—even at Faber's Point in the late war CLAUDE was courteous—been more swiftly effective.

CROOKS said he was prepared to defend his position in these respects, but this not the place or the time.

"Very well," CLAUDE lisped, readjusting his latest and most magnificent waistcoat, "I will await with interest the hon. Member's opportunity."



UNKNOWING

Engineer. "THERE'S CERTAINLY A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE."
 Simple Simon (with gleeful satisfaction). "HE-HE! I KNOWS WHERE 'Y' BE TWO!"
 Car Owner (intensely interested). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOY?"
 Simple Simon. "HE-HE! WHY I'VE GOT 'UN! ALL THE FOLKS SAY AS 'OW I'VE GOT A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE!"



OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.
(Mr. Henniker Heaton.)

Business done.—Another *nem. con.* Free Trade Resolution added to Journal of House.

Friday night.—HENNIKER HEATON'S campaign has proved more successful than another we wot of. Much water sped under Westminster Bridge since he first flaunted the flag of Ocean Penny Postage. It was scouted by successive Postmasters; couldn't be done at the price; would swamp Post Office revenue. To-day, with one exception, England is united to her far-flung Colonies by adhesive penny stamp.

Exception is Rhodesia, a distinction that would make CECIL RHODES sit up if he were still with us. Why Rhodesia should be left out no man knoweth. Probably gentleman who catalogued list of Colonies could not remember at the moment whether Rhodesia was spelled with "h" or not. However it be, there you are; penny postage to Uganda, twopence-halfpenny to Rhodesia; both on the same continent.

This, though the biggest, by no means the complement of H. H.'s public services in the matter of postal reform. In small matters they are innumerable. Now he will have time to concentrate his efforts upon the great mystery of P and M. If, alluding to the time of day, you telegraph "P.M.," the letters go for a halfpenny. Reverse them, addressing, for example, TOBY, "M.P.," bang goes a penny. On what principle this distinction is created and enforced is an older mystery, kindred with that which broods over Rhodesia and its twopenny-halfpenny stamp.

Something ought to be done for HENNIKER HEATON. Of course it wouldn't do to have his head engraved on a new ocean penny stamp; but in the next reconstruction of the Ministry he might

be sent to the War Office. Even after Brighton, Canterbury seems a safe seat.

As WINSTON CHURCHILL said on Monday, we've had four different Army schemes in four years. A fifth fully due.

Business done.—Discussing Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.

MORE DAILY DAYS.

[MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P., contributes to *Ideas* an article on "My Daily Day." From it we learn that this strenuous day begins at six in the morning, and even at that early hour on one typical day he is called upon to give advice and assistance to one of his constituents, "a wheezy baker." His visitors are a varied crowd ranging from "a distracted peeress on some useful social quest" to a "red-faced terminant with a swivel-eyed boy of the industrial school type." Then comes the afternoon meeting of the London County Council, and later many hours at the House of Commons. A long day, indeed! "But," says Mr. BURNS, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., contributes to *Notions* an article with the same title, which shows that Mr. BURNS is not the only hard-worked Labour Member. Mr. CROOKS says that his callers begin before it is light. While yet the morn is grey, he says, an asthmatic butcher is knocking at his door for information as to the application of a protective tariff to prime joints, while it is no uncommon occurrence for a Countess of impulsive character to motor down to Woolwich before breakfast to ask Mr. CROOKS to settle some little problem of social politics which troubled her in the night. Then there is the morning's post, two hundred letters at least, all of which Mr. CROOKS answers with his own hand, for he strongly objects to amanuenses, and then breakfast. Every day after breakfast Mr. CROOKS makes a house-to-house visit throughout his constituency, believing that only thus can a Member of Parliament properly keep in touch with his supporters, and often he finds himself involved in serious discussions lasting for some hours. None the less he is back to lunch at one. After this comes the House.

Not a bad day, is it? "But," adds Mr. CROOKS, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

MR. WANKLYN, M.P., sends us the following account of a normal day of his own, which he takes to be more strenuous than Mr. BURNS's.

"I rise," he says, "at five, and make myself a cup of Vi-Horso, the best pick-me-up on which to begin. Then I have a cold shower bath, and run twice round the home paddock, or, if I am in town, Dean's Yard; after this I eat a raw

beefsteak powdered on the Salisbury method, and am ready for my Secretary, who arrives at six. For two hours I dictate to him replies to the morning's post. 'Not in yet?' you say. No, that is true; but I answer the letters all the same. I know what they are going to say, and when the post comes in all one has to do is to fill in the names, for which blanks have carefully been left.

"Next I have breakfast, and then for two hours I am buried in the *Times*. After the *Times* is finished I dictate to my Secretary replies to those letters which could not be answered in advance—each post usually bringing a few such—and play a round at golf. It is now time for lunch. After lunch, exhausted nature demands some respect, and I rest for a while, being, however, punctilious to be read to sleep by an improving book such as *The Marriage of William Ashe*, or a foolish one, like *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*. I drink on awaking a cup of China tea, and am at once ready again for the fray. I begin by seeing my bailiff, or, if in town, my butler. I take a run down to the Crystal Palace. I glance at the evening papers. And then comes the House. Life, as someone—I forget who—truly remarked, is not all beer and skittles.

"And yet," added Mr. WANKLYN, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, being interviewed as to his daily habits, revealed a state of energy beside which Mr. BURNS merely smoulders and smokes.

"I do not sleep at all," said the great commoner. "Sleep is for boys and Free Traders; I work. All night I communicate by telephone with the Colonial Premiers. Our night, as perhaps you know, is their day. What a lesson that should teach us! While we snore they toil."

Here the interviewer remarked that, on the other hand, while we toil they snore. "Never mind about that," said the illustrious demagogue; "it is absurd to labour a point."

He then resumed: "I spend the time from six until eight in the conservatories, tending my favourite flowers. At eight I breakfast—simply and swiftly. I take coffee without sugar. Not that I do not like sugar, but I cannot afford it. Owing to some cause or other which I cannot fathom, it has become very dear. Then I deal with my correspondence, which takes two hours, and is not then finished. All this while I have been steadily taking no exercise. Then I receive deputations of manufacturers and disguised Members of Parliament, who want to know how the cat is going to jump,

but dare not come to me openly. After lunch I read DICKENS and the *Dictionary of Quotations*, and I am then ready for the House. Thus passes one's life.

"But," added Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Sir GILBERT PARKER, writing from Chatsworth, proves that he too must be reckoned amongst those who shun delights and live laborious days. He says:—"I breakfast late (Mr. BALFOUR always breakfasts late), and spend the morning dictating despatches—subsequently forwarded by cable—to Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Dr. JAMESON, and Mr. SEDDON, adumbrating the policy which in my opinion they will do well to follow. This generally occupies the whole of the morning, after which I partake of a light luncheon with assorted Cabinet Ministers. In the afternoon I address, on an average, five drawing-room meetings and one demonstration, and write a few chapters of my next novel, a political romance entitled *The Ladder of Empire*. I then see my elocutionist, and before dining indulge in half an hour's mountaineering practice on the roofs of Carlton House Terrace with a rope and ice-axe of my own invention. When the House is not sitting my evening is generally spent in the refined and stimulating atmosphere of *le beau monde*. It is, in faith, an exacting life, but," continues Sir GILBERT, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, Bart., sends us the following succinct account of his daily round:—"I rise at 3 A.M., and edit 75 papers before 7. Then I motor to Windsor *viâ* Mentmore for breakfast. From 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. I make up my mind on the Fiscal question, and meet my brothers at the usual family dinner party from 8 to 9, retiring to bed at 9.30, quite worn out with the multifarious labours of the day. It is a dog's life, but," as Sir ALFRED adds in happy phrase, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

The Poet Laureate telephones from Swinford Old Manor: "You ask me how I spend my day? Nothing could be simpler. I rise before the lark, and having seen that 'blithe spirit' go up,

I usually dig in VERONICA's garden till breakfast. If, however, the weather is inclement, I retire into LAURA's winter quarters for shelter until the gong sounds. From 10 till 12 I submit to the divine afflatus. From 12 till 1 I dictate the results. Luncheon, a light meal, washed down by choice Malvoisie, is usually taken in an arbour known as the Pavilion of Parnassus, and is followed by an hour's meditation to the accompaniment of pan-pipes or the pianola. From 4 to 5 I dictate narrative poetry. After an interval for afternoon tea, lyric poetry occupies me till 7. After dinner, conversation, which, as GIBSON says,



ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.

FOUR A.M.

"METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY, 'SLEEP NO MORE!' . . . TO ALL THE HOUSE."—*Macbeth*.

enriches the intellect. Before retiring to rest I gaze in solitude upon the stars, for, as GIBSON says, solitude is the true school of genius. It may not be the life that commends itself to mundane minds, but," concludes Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, in an eloquent peroration, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

AN 'ERO OF OUR 'OME.

[Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is reported to be occupying himself with a vindication of the character of NERO. We do not know what line of defence the poet is taking, but we would suggest that he might regard the maligned Emperor as the prototype of the modern Fireman.]

A NERO's nerve the Fireman shows,
Down from his helmet to his hose,
For when our Rome is in a blaze
He calmly wets his pipe and plays.

THE OFFENSIVE.

IN consequence of the frequent recurrence of this obscure term in news from the seat of war, Mr. Punch has thought it his duty to consult a military expert with a view to its elucidation. He accordingly approached one of those natural strategists who to a memory of Easter manœuvres, voluntarily undertaken, unite an experience on the Stock Exchange enabling them to speak with authority upon Bear tactics. His inquiries were answered in the most obliging manner, and he is now in a position to place the following facts before the public:—

Amid the rigours of a Manchurian climate almost any movement may be considered "offensive" which involves the quitting of winter quarters. Even a civilian can appreciate this, if he has ever been conscious that his next movement must be to get up and break the ice in his bath.

It is customary to speak of the offensive as being "taken" when none of the other objects of attack can be.

On the other hand the offensive is "assumed" when the advance which it connotes is invisible to the naked eye. The latter use is the more proper in telegrams to an autocrat, as delicately suggesting that the resulting success had better be "assumed" too.

This reference to lack of results does not mean that no movement ever succeeds. On the contrary a retrograde movement nearly always succeeds the assumption of the offensive.

Nor does it mean that nothing follows; for the Japanese invariably do.

The correct use of the term is traced by some to a passage in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, where chess is described as "a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loses the mate." Thus, in the game of war, a movement which results in the too sudden introduction of the enemy amongst one's camp-followers has received this technical name.

Mr. Punch's informant could not speak so authoritatively in naval matters, inasmuch as, pending the reintroduction of the river steamboat service, he was conscious that his nautical knowledge was rusty. He believed, however, that "offensive" was an expression applied to the random discharge of guns, especially following upon an "assumption" not justified by facts.

THE RUSSIAN GOLD RESERVE.—Is this to be regarded as Hoard de Combat?

A LOVE CHARM.

O LOVE-STRIKEN lady, beware if you can
Of attempting to capture the heart of a man
With a flash of bright eyes or a ravishing dimple;
Such arts are delusion, but here is a plan
Alluringly simple.

Let your hair blow at hockey all over your head,
Let your face be as beet-root (he dotes on it red),
Dash swiftly and eagerly into the tussle;
For your charm's in the main, after all has been said,
A matter of muscle.

And as for your costume you can't be far wrong,
If your skirt is cut short and your boots are made long
(And shin-guards are excellent aids to attraction);
Let the whole of your garments be scanty and strong,
Adapted for action.

For the harder you strive to exhibit your might
With frenzied resolve in the midst of the fight,
The more your opponents surround you and shove you,
The louder you yell, the more fiercely you smite,
The more will he love you!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To his monumental task in the editing of the *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* (METHUEN) Mr. E. V. LUCAS has added Volumes VI. and VII., containing the letters. They have through more than half a century been among the most precious possessions of mankind. Never before has the gift been presented in so complete and therefore so attractive a form. Mr. LUCAS has the good fortune to add to already abundant material much correspondence that has not hitherto seen the light. Amongst these are letters to members of the Wordsworth family; a batch written to Moxon, "a young lad with a Yorkshire head and a heart that would do honour to a more southern county," at the time in the service of LONGMAN, who was subsequently to make for himself a name as publisher; others addressed to friends and acquaintances whose descendants have treasured them in the privacy of their libraries. LAMB's letters are literature of the highest quality. Mr. LUCAS adds considerably to their value by a series of luminous notes attached to each as postscript. Editors of kindred works reserve their notes for appendices. Mr. LUCAS in this respect sets a fashion whose convenience is so obvious that it is likely to spread. If my Baronite owned a desert island, or could borrow one from a friend, these two portly volumes should be his chosen companions among books.

Writing of ALFRED WIGAN's father, Mr. COKE says: "His later years were passed at Sevenoaks, where he kept an establishment for imbeciles or weak-minded youths. I often stayed with him." My Baronite recognises one of the things that might have been said differently. There is nothing either weak-minded or weak-handed in the author of *Tracks of a Rolling Stone* (SMITH, ELDER). There are few men who have lived through a more widely varied life than has HENRY JOHN COKE. Sixty-four years ago, being then in his twelfth year, he joined, as cadet, H.M.S. *Blonde*, a 46-gun frigate, bound for China, where he first smelt powder. Coming home on leave a year later, he travelled by coach from Naples to Calais, there being at the time not a single railway on the continent. His family position gave him throughout a long life wide opportunities of coming into contact with notable people. He remembers CREEVEY, whose *Memoirs* all the world was lately reading. He fraternised in a country house with our JOHN LEECH. He was familiar with HARRY FOKER in the flesh, of which there seems to have been a considerable quantity. Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of

PENDENNIS's acquaintance. "ARCEDECKNE (pronounced 'Arch-deacon') was about 5 feet 3 inches tall, round as a cask, with a small, singularly round face and head, closely cropped hair, and large soft eyes. In a word, like a seal." Mr. COKE was present at the SAYERS-HEENAN fight. He breakfasted with ROGERS, fought an election in old Protection days, spent a week-end at Compiègne in the heyday of the Empire, and stayed in the same house with Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR's father and mother when they were on their honeymoon. Incidentally he visited the West Indies, crossed the Rockies, and rode on horseback through Spain on the track of *Don Quixote*. These are rare advantages. Mr. COKE makes the best of them in a vivid narrative that recalls the colour of his sometime friend, Captain MARRYAT.

Duke's Son, by COSMO HAMILTON (HEINEMANN). This is a narrative of the risks run by a couple of card-sharper, man and wife, belonging to and moving in the very smartest set of society, where vice, recognised frankly, pays tribute to virtue by assuming its outward semblance. In this novel "There is none that doeth good, no not one." Is this indeed a true picture of modern society, or is it simply to be taken as a modern romance founded on certain revelations made in a *cause célèbre*, and to be considered as the exception to the general rule of *Virtus et Honor* in the best of whatever is included as representative of English society? Did SHERIDAN's *School for Scandal* reflect the manners and the morals of his day? Did THACKERAY satirise a class, or did he pillory only notable examples, when he gave us those strong scenes in the lives of *Becky Sharp*, the *Marquis of Steyne*, and *Ravdon Crawley*? Well, here in *Duke's Son* you have in *Lord Francis Delamere* a superior *Ravdon*, with just his uneducated faults in orthography, and a girl who might have been a *Becky*, but for her original simplicity of character and her single-hearted devotion to her husband whose one redeeming point is his fidelity to her when she has become his wife. The Baron will not continue these prefatory remarks—all he will say is that, for his part, he finds this book is not for boys and girls, though it may be read with chuckling pleasure by such old boys and old girls as might be able to startle not a few of us with their own reminiscences. COSMO HAMILTON knows how to tell a plain unvarnished tale with dramatic force, and epigrammatic dialogue. He does not stop, as THACKERAY did in the case of *Becky* and of *Barry Lyndon*, to moralise satirically. He leaves little to the imagination. It is a remarkable work, and having once taken it up its reader's attention will be held until the very end. In the *bonâ-fide* attachment between "*Baby Sheen*," *Sir Edward Sheen, Bart.*, and *Billy Honour* the good-hearted comedy-opera artiste, there is that touch of nature that enlists our sympathies for the irregular couple, and makes us rejoice at the apparently cruel touch of the hand of fate which unites them in wedlock and then separates them for ever. The Baron commends the book for its literary skill; but can he recommend it to everyone?—That is a question he is unable to decide.



FOR THE MAP OF LONDON.—Now that Mr. H. B. IRVING has made his successful *début* as *Hamlet*, if it be true that Messrs. BEERBOHM TREE and MARTIN HARVEY are also to appear simultaneously at different theatres as the *Prince of Denmark*, then London may be, theatrically, considered as the Little Village divided into three hamlets.